

THE TOGGERY.

FOR THOSE WHO KNOW

GLOVES

We have the Best for the Money. Prices from 50c. up to \$2.50 per pair

SEE DAVE.

SUITS PRESSED.

D. G. HARVIE.

CROSSFIELD LUMBER YARD

LUMBER!

LUMBER!

LUMBER!



Now is the time to get what you want. I have also got the planing mill running so what ever you want that is not in the yard, I can turn out in the mill at a reasonable price. I manufacture all kinds of turnings, brackets, window and door frames. Come and see my plant, and how the work is turned out, then you will be convinced that I can compete with anyone.

CROSSFIELD LUMBER YARD,
GEO. BECKER, Prop.

Mr. FARMER

WE ARE IN THE IMPLEMENT BUSINESS. This being our first appearance in print.

We hold a great variety of Companies making the Best Implements on the Market to-day.

DEERING Drills, Mowers, Rakes, Binders and Wagons.
MOLINE Plows, Discs and Mandt Wagons.
CARLIN ORINDORFF Canton Plows
FAIRBANKS-MORSE Gasoline Engines and Windmills.
RED RIVER Special Threshers are all Standards that others have copied and claim they have "just as good."
GENTLEMEN! Take the Tip and have nothing but the original guaranteed by the makers and Sold by

McKAY BROS.

Crossfield, Alta.

Crossfield Drug Store

For Your Stationery and all Medical Supplies.

MERRICK THOMAS.

C. W. MOORE,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
NOTARY PUBLIC
Carstairs, Alberta

Dr. LARGE,

Dentist, Carstairs,
Will be at the Alberta Hotel, Crossfield,
Every Thursday.
AT CARSTAIRS OFFICE
Every Day, Except Wednesday and Thursday.

Crossfield School District No. 753

The REGULAR MEETING of the above School Board will be held at the School House at 10 a. m. on the first Saturday in the following months: January, March, May, July, September and November.
All matters of business pertaining to this district will be attended to at this meeting.

The office of the Sec.-Treas. is in the Store of D. G. Harvie.
J. A. MacDonnell, Chairman.
G. W. Booby, Sec.-Treas.

DISC SHARPENING.

Now is the time to bring your Discs to be sharpened at

JOHN FREW'S

Shoeing Forge.

Strayed

One black gelding, about eight years old, branded M with small markings of white, and with big wire cut scar high up on front of fore-leg. Supposed to be East of Crossfield or Aldrie. Notify JESSE GOUGE, Calgary.

Four Good Milch Cows
And A
De Laval Cream Separator
For Sale.

W. I. Thomas,
N. E. quarter Sec. 12-29-29. Just east of Jas. Ruddy's farm. j124195

LOST

Strawberry roan gelding pony branded M on left shoulder, tail cut short; had halter and long rope on when it left Crossfield. Last seen about 10 miles east of Crossfield. \$5 reward will be paid for it's recovery to—
Craig Wilson, Crossfield.

The Warehouse Commissioner Gives Good Advice on Shipping Grain.

Things Every Grain Grower Should Know Regarding the Grading, Selling and Shipping of Wheat.

A Few Important Don'ts.

C. C. Castle, the Dominion Warehouse Commissioner, of Winnipeg, in an address delivered in High River recently, gave some good advice and useful information to farmers. The following report we have condensed from The Times.

His own powers he briefly summarized as follows:

To require all truck buyers and owners and operators of elevators, warehouses and mills and all grain commission merchants to take out annual licenses and to fix the amount of their bonds and to require their books to be kept on the prescribed forms.

To supervise the handling and storage of grain in and out of elevators and warehouses and cars and to enforce all rules and regulations under the act.

The commissioner has power to investigate all complaints made in writing under oath regarding undue dockage, improper weights or grading and the refusal or neglect to furnish cars within a reasonable time. He also has power to suspend or revoke the license of any merchant or truck buyer.

LOADING PLATFORMS

When asked about a loading platform, he replied that one must be supplied by the company when ten farmers apply to the commissioner for same, but such application must be made before October 15th, and such loading platform must be constructed by the company within thirty days after being ordered by the commissioner. The loading platform must be enlarged if the commissioner considers it insufficient to accommodate the public.

Farmers were cautioned to do their business in all cases in a businesslike way. For example the speaker said:

"If I had ten thousand bushels of wheat to market I would either go myself or pay one man \$5 a day to stay at the elevator and check all weighing and see that all grain tickets and warehouse receipts were correctly made out. If any kicking was needed, the time to kick is when the load in dispute is in the hopper of the scale. In case of a dispute in regard to grade, a sample should at once be taken and sent to the inspector, whose ruling would be final. All dockage should be shown on the ticket. The correct weight should be shown on the ticket and the farmer should personally satisfy himself that it is the correct weight."

Mr. Castle strongly urged the erection of municipal scales convenient to the station and considered the weighing on a municipal scale as a better check on the weights of the elevator companies than any private scales could be. In case of farmers shipping carloads to the terminal, it was very important that the farmer had some proof of the quantity of grain shipped, and especially so in presenting any claim to the railway company if the train was wrecked.

It is also the farmer's duty to see that the cars are in proper condition before any grain is put in, and after loading to see that the grain is stroked level and the height in inches should be noted.

SPRING WHEAT

No. 1 Northern wheat shall be sound and well cleaned, weighing not less than 60 lbs. to the bushel and shall be composed of at least 60 per cent, of Hard Red Fife wheat.

No. 2 Northern shall be sound and reasonably clean, of good milling quality and fit for warehousing and weighing not less than 58 lbs. to the bushel and composed of at least 45 per cent of Red Fife wheat.

Any wheat not good enough to be graded as No. 2 shall be graded as No. 3 Northern in the discretion of the inspector.

WINTER WHEAT

No. 1 Alberta Red shall be hard pure red winter wheat, sound and clean, weighing not less than 62 lbs to the bushel.

No. 2 Alberta Red shall be hard red winter wheat, sound and clean, weighing not less than 60 lbs. to the bushel.

No. 3 Alberta Red shall weigh not less than 57 lbs. to the bushel.

No. 1 White Winter wheat shall weigh not less than 60 lbs to the bushel.

No. 2 White Winter wheat not less than 58 lbs to the bushel.

No. 3 White Winter wheat not less than 56 lbs.

Mr. Castle considered that too many different grades of wheat were being raised in Alberta. More uniformity should be secured through the co-operation of the farmers in their agricultural societies and more care exercised in the selection of seed.

DON'T'S

At the conclusion the speaker summarized his remarks with several very important "Don'ts":

1. Sell or deliver grain to an unlicensed dealer.
2. Fail to obtain a ticket for each load.
3. Fail to check weights while grain is in the hopper.
4. Fail to get the proper kind of ticket when grain is delivered. A cash ticket for a cash sale, a grade storage receipt when storing by grade or a special bin storage receipt when storing in a special bin.
5. Don't fail to take a sample when storing in a special bin or to take proper care of such sample. (A special bin is not necessary unless in case of a dispute in regard to grade.)
6. Don't surrender bill of lading endorsed to truck buyer except first ascertaining that he is licensed and bonded, nor unless there is a written contract embodying the terms and conditions of sale on the regular legal form of track purchase note which shows the license number and the license number of such truck buyer. The law requires these track purchase notes to be

Fears of Indian Rising in B. C.

B. C. Wants Mounted Police As Indians are Expected To Cause Trouble.

Trouble of a serious nature is brewing in B. C. and a petition signed by nearly every white resident of Hazelton and vicinity has been sent to Ottawa asking that patrols of R. N. W. M. P. be immediately established for the preservation of law and order along the route of the Grand Trunk Pacific in the northern interior.

There is a feeling of insecurity owing to the unrest among the Siwash Indians, who are demanding heavy cash payments for the passage of the new line over an Indian graveyard, 160 acres of land to every native, young or old, and generally better terms.

This news has hitherto been suppressed to prevent anxiety among the natives on the outside, but it is significant that white women and children are to be sent to the coast for the winter when there is the greatest likelihood of trouble arising.

The Indian tribes are well armed and are scattered over the entire district. Everything is quiet now but it is regarded as the calm before the storm.

made in duplicate, one for each party.

7. Don't fail to obtain an advance of 75 per cent. of the value of grain before surrendering bill of lading to track buyer as his bonds are made out on the assumption that this practice is invariably followed.

Don't forget to send clear and implicit instructions regarding disposal of shipment to the grain commission merchant. Be sure to get at the bank a sight draft for 75 per cent. of the value of the shipment and send the bill of lading attached to the draft to the head office of the bank in Winnipeg and notify the commission merchant the name of the bank, and at the same time tell him how to dispose of said shipment. It is important that you write the commission merchant what grade you expect to receive so he can call a survey by board if necessary.

Duplicate weight and grade certificates can be obtained by the shipper by writing to the Chief Inspector at Port William.

The speaker also emphasized the need of farmers having greater granary accommodation for the storing of their own grain for a rise in price or for seed the next season. The commissioner also predicted an improvement when two-car order books, one for shipments east and one for shipments to the Pacific Coast, were introduced.

Subscriptions to this paper \$1.00 a year. Enclose a dollar bill and your name and address in an envelope and mail to us. We'll do the rest.

In the Rose Garden.

By VIRGINIA BLAIR.

Copyrighted, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.

It was on the third night of the new moon that Beverly Alden, musing on his sermon in the darkness of his study, beheld from the window something white moving in his garden.

As the Rev. Beverly's garden was a vegetable garden, he thought fearfully of something stealthily tramping on his succulent asparagus, and he rose hastily. Standing just behind the window shutter, he decided, however, that a horse would be shorter, a dog taller, and he did not believe in ghosts.

He went into the hall, took his hat from the rack and stepped softly over the threshold.

As his footsteps sounded on the gravel of the path the white object moved from the middle of the garden and fled. He heard the rick of the gate and then silence.

"Hum!" mused the Rev. Beverly and bent over his lettuce bed. "A thief," he said to his trustful eyes. The next morning a fuller investigation showed that there had been depredations of onions and radishes. But the minister said nothing to his housekeeper. Common thieves did not come garbed in white, nor were they of elegant outline and graceful carriage.

The Rev. Beverly had no unusual powers of penetration, but it had taken him many moments to decide that the spoiler of his garden was a woman.

"But why?" he debated the next night as he finished his sermon—"why should a woman steal—a lady, I am sure, by the grace of her carriage—why should she steal my little onions and my lettuce?"

But all the wisdom of the Scriptures did not answer his question. And after his sermon was finished, some letters turned out his light and sat in the darkness of his study.

And again, as he missed, he saw a patch of white at the end of the garden. Breathless he watched, and closer and closer came the ghostly figure until it stood just beneath his window.

"There's a voice, said, 'I have come to pay you for the vegetables.'"

"Oh!" His mental readiness of speech had forgotten the ghostly figure. "Oh, beg your pardon!"

"Now you needn't be it," the voice said again. "I did not steal—only lettuce and things last night, and here is the money. It wasn't a very conventional way to go to market, but we wanted a salad, and—"

The Rev. Beverly, peering over the sill, caught the sparkle in her eyes as she made her final apology.

"You needed your salad late," he said dryly.

"Ah!" her little laugh rippled out—"thinking of my predicament! Some people came from the city hungry, and there was nothing in the house but eggs. You see, I am such a new housekeeper—we came only yesterday—"

Susanne, my maid, forgets to tell me when things are out and the shops are so far away—so, while she made an omelet I flew into your garden, and—now dear back and no one was the wiser."

"I saw you," the Rev. Beverly informed her, "and I thought you were a thief."

"Oh!" There was a little gasp. "I did look like it, didn't I? But you see, I have brought the money."

And the silver glittered on the sill as she spread it out before him.

"No," the Rev. Beverly protested; "you are perfectly welcome to anything you care to take."

"Oh, but you must!" there was a note of alarm in her voice—"because I should feel as if I had stolen if I am not allowed to pay."

He was smiling down at her. "You can pay me by giving me a rose from your garden," he said.

"Why don't you give me roses of your own?" she demanded.

He sighed. "I hardly dare allow myself the luxury. It is cheaper to raise one's own vegetables than to buy them, and a clergyman in a small town has to think of expenses."

"I suppose," doubtfully, "that your salary is not large?"

"No, but there are donations." His eyes twinkled.

"Such as roses?" She was laughing up at him. The moonlight touched her hair with gold. The pulses of the Rev. Beverly began to beat.

"May I come over some time and walk with you to your rose garden?" he asked.

"Come now," was the quick response.

He went, and it was the beginning of friendship.

"It is lovely," Constance confided to her aunt, who had come up to her niece's colonial mansion for the purpose of chaperoning. "And he's here in this little town because he feels that he is needed more than in a city charge where he could get much more money."

"Constance," her aunt warned, "don't get romantic over a country parson."

"He has the dearest little cottage," Constance mused, "with a vegetable garden. He sends over lettuce and parsley, and I put roses in his button-hole. It's very interesting," she sighed.

"Why?"

"If you make him love you—what then?"

"No!" Constance's tone was defiant. "You can't marry any one but Warren Olmstead."

"Constance's eyes flashed. 'I can too! If I don't marry Warren, I merely lose my inheritance. I don't deny that I love this old man, Aunt Anne. But did it ever occur to you that I might prefer a man to a fortune?'"

"You would miss the fortune," was the quiet answer. "You were not made for love in a cottage, Constance."

But Constance was down the path. She bent over a pink rose bush and picked a bud just as the Rev. Beverly Alden came in.

"Roses red and violets blue," she quoted. "Can you tell me the rest of it?"

"If you love me as I love you," He hesitated. "You mustn't make me say such things."

"Because I have nothing to offer you but a cottage and a vegetable garden." He was looking down at her with scornful eyes.

"And if I don't marry one Warren Olmstead," she informed him, "I lose my fortune. And I don't marry him so I am really homeless—and, please, I'd like to come and live in your cottage."

Aunt Anne's chagrin over the engagement found an outlet in a letter to Warren Olmstead. "Come up and see Constance," she wrote, "from her country parson," was the third line.

But when Warren's answer came it was a revelation.

"Of all things!" Aunt Anne ejaculated when she had read it.

"What's the matter?" Constance asked.

"Read that," said Aunt Anne tragically.

It was a brief epistle, but it was very extraordinary, no doubt, for Constance stood with joy and waved the letter, crying "Hurrah!"

"Of all things!" Aunt Anne ejaculated when she had read it.

Constance caught her breath quickly. "You thought I told Beverly," she said.

"Why?"

"He won't marry," Constance said mysteriously. "If he knows it."

So they were married quietly and went to live in the cottage, and Aunt Anne went home, and the big colonial house was closed, and the winter came, and the roses were wrapped in winding sheets of straw.

"You will miss the rose garden next summer," said the parson as he and his wife walked up the snowy path. "I wonder who will live here then?"

"The new tenants," said Constance, who, wrapped in a big red cloak, was leaning on her husband's arm. "Are lively. There will be a young clergyman, a very handsome young clergyman, and a very, very loving little wife, Beverly."

"Constance!" He bent down over the roses. "The house is mine. Warren wrote to say that he loved some one else. He married first and forfeited his right, and I didn't want to tell you because you hated to have me rich. But don't you think it will be nice for Beverly junior to—to play in the rose garden, dearest?"

Why Musicians "Tune Up" In Public. Some people have been puzzled to understand why musicians tune up their instruments in public and not before they enter the orchestra. If they attended to them before entering the theater or concert room they might find the temperature different in the place of performance, and the instruments would not be in tune.

There are 762 kinds of flowers found in the arctic regions.

Marango. At the battle of Marango the French army was virtually defeated, and while Bonaparte and his staff were considering their next move Dessaix suggested that there was yet time to retrieve the disaster. Napoleon rallied his men, renewed the battle and won a great victory over the Austrians, though the unfortunate Dessaix lost his own life on that field.

Picture Pad. A stationary notebook which is calculated to make the modern youngster enjoy his writing exercise is an unusual writing pad. The novelty lies in the cover, which is decorated with six different decalcomania pictures. These are intended to be cut out when the tablet is exhausted and transferred to cardboard or boxes by the process which every child is familiar with.

There are several different sets of pictures used on the pads. One group consists of Indian beads; another shows a nautical scene and yet another a spirited circus.

Source of Misery PROTRUDING PILES

Read the evidence that this distressing ailment is cured by DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Some people find it hard to believe that anything about a surgical operation will cure protruding piles. The doctors have brought about this belief. There is an amount of proof that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a positive cure for this as well as all other forms of piles.

Captain Wm. Smith, Revelstoke, B. C., writes:—"It is with much pleasure I state you in praise of Dr. Chase's Ointment for itching protruding piles of many years' standing. It has completely cured me. I had previously tried many other remedies, but they did me no good. I would strongly recommend this ointment to those suffering from this complaint for it is a good and genuine cure."

Mrs. Captain Cline-Smith, Salvation Army, Essex, Ont., writes:—"It is with pleasure I write to you in praise of Dr. Chase's Ointment. Two years ago I was taken with hemorrhoids, and I got very sore and it became so bad that I had to keep my bed and could lie in no position. I was so miserable. As a treatment for all kinds of sores and burns Dr. Chase's Ointment works like magic."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cts. a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

No Joking Matter. "When are you going to be married, Hilda?" "Why, what an absurd question! Haven't I always told you that I have the very sight of men?"

"Yes, I thought you were joking and—"

"It is no joking matter. I am a bachelor girl, and I am proud of it. I wouldn't be wedded to the best man on earth."

"How interesting! Do you remember that handsome Jack Smith?"

"Yes, I do. He would like to make me his second wife. And what did you say?"

"Why, I told him you were a bachelor girl, hated men, and he might as well leave me alone."

"How dare you interfere with my affairs? Why couldn't you tell him to call I never speak to you again as long as I live!"—Scottish American.

If allowed to roam over your house, those few innocent-looking house flies may cause a real tragedy any day, as they are known to be the principle agents for the spread of those deadly diseases, typhoid fever, diphtheria and smallpox.

Five and a quarter million people are employed in the world's mines.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria. The Proud Mother—This boy do grow more like 'is father every day. The Neighbor—Do, 'is poor dear? and 'ave 'is tried everything—Sketch.

The Oil of Power.—It is not claimed for Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil that it will cure every ill, but its uses are so various that it may be looked upon as a general pain killer. It has achieved that greatness for itself and all attempts to surpass it have failed. Its excellence is known to all who have tested its virtues and learnt by experience.

"I have here an opera," announced the robust composer, "which will be the greatest production of the century. It is called 'Paradise.'"

"Paradise!" roared the impresario, "but do you realize what it would cost for scenery?"

"Yes," answered the composer calmly, "but do you realize what would be saved on costumes?"—Town Topics.

Ned—Honest, are those jokes original with you?

Ted—On my honor—I wrote 'em all.

Ned—But why?

Ted—To support my family.

Ned—But if your family is as old as those jokes, it must be fully able to support itself.—Cleveland Leader.

Yes," said Mrs. Lappling, "Johnny's all right, when he was hit by the strange dog I took him to a doctor's and had the wound ostracized right away."—Chicago Tribune.

"Father," said Little Rollo, "what is it to be foolish?"

"A foolish, my son, is something somebody else is interested in and you're not."—Washington Star.

Ships and cargoes to the value of \$50,000,000 are lost yearly around the British coast.

W. N. U., No. 752.

The Lesson. In a certain Sunday school a teacher told her pupils the story of Samson and Delilah. Then she turned to the little boy.

"What do you learn, Joe," she said, "from the Samson story?"

"It don't never pay," piped Joe, "to have a woman cut a feller's hair."—Harper's Weekly.

These letters "S.P.Q.R." said the antiquarian, "symbolized the centralized power of the Roman government."

It did, eh?" rejoined the joyous ignoramus. "I suppose it's a Latin spelling reform method of writing the word 'speaker.'"

A Mild Pill for Delicate Women.—The delicate woman can undergo a course of Farnelle's Vegetable Pills without fear of unpleasant consequences. Their action, while wholly gentle, is mild and agreeable. No violent pains or purgings follow their use, as thousands of women who have used them can testify. They are, therefore, strongly recommended to women, who are more prone to disorders of the digestive organs than men.

Love's Language. It was the morning of that fearsome, uncertain day on which the bonds were to be made, where a tiny path yet leads back, where each tries to peer into the future and wonders and doubts and hesitates.

They were alone, and she drew near him, aware and watchful.

"Harold, dearest, in a few hours it will all be over. Can you grasp it all? But did you dream of me last night?"

"Yes, of course. I saw you as a black, beautiful girl, sitting placidly alone on a mirrored lake, with her hair and there a dot, floating leaf. And then, I tumbled, joyous, away, and began to float out to you. And as I took her, dearest, and I thrilled all over as you swung superbly around, and I wished you a poet, with a living, passionate pen, and I wished myself an earth god and that a raging wind would swoop down upon you that I might kiss you in my arms and defy the storm god. And I could smell sweet incense and hear the tinkling of innumerable bells and could feel the delirium of a burning heart, and again I wished to be a poet this night might."

"But Harold, do you really love me?"

He paused, breathed deep and poured out his soul. "Dearest, did I think you are?"

"But then he held on her vibrant lips, confident, satisfied.—Puck.

Soliloquy of the Engagement. Piles. I am generally a little bit of a philosopher, though many people accuse me of plagiarism, the popular criticism of my work being "that old, old story."

It is a pity I am so bright, however, considering the conversations I have to listen to every evening. Last night he remarked sixty-five times, "I love you, dear," and sixty-five times she replied, "Do you, dear?"

He then said all you see as man never loved before. "He can't clever to find so many new ways of doing something so old?"

Perhaps I can see no difference in his methods myself.

They held on to me with both hands the evening, but I insisted upon cutting them.

The man and I can always get around a pretty girl.

The man over all his happiness to me. Only through my influence is he able to hold her hands in his and taste the sweetness of her lips, yet already has he forgotten me in his longing for a wedding ring.

Men are so ungrateful, but I will bide my time. Methinks I will soon be avenged.

I am the "best seller" on the market.

SCHOOL OF MINING A COLLEGE OF APPLIED SCIENCE

Appointed to Queen's University KINGSTON, ONT.

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The FOLLOWING COURSES ARE OFFERED:

1. FOUR YEARS COURSE FOR DEGREE OF B.Sc.

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15. Mining.

16. Metallurgy.

17. Mining.

18. Metallurgy.

19. Mining.

20. Metallurgy.

FEELING HOT?

Try a Cup of Iced

"SALADA" TEA

With a touch of lemon in it.

Cool and Refreshing.

What He Wants

"I understand your boy is looking for a job?"

"No. Mistaken one. It's a soft snap he wants."

The Pill That Brings Relief.—When, after one has partaken of a meal he is oppressed by feelings of fullness and pains in the stomach he suffers from dyspepsia, which will persist if it be not dealt with. Farnelle's Vegetable Pills are the very best medicine that can be taken to bring relief. These pills are specially compounded to deal with dyspepsia, and their sterling qualities in this respect can be vouched for by legions of users.

Each—I suppose, old man, my wife still thinks she married a treasure.

Benedict—No—a treasury.

A safe and sure medicine for a child troubled with worms is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

First Friend—Satan looks troubled. Who's been annoying him?

Second Friend—One of the latest arrivals, a fellow who used to be a board of health examiner, claims to have discovered bacteria in the water of the boiling lake, and insists that all the water must be frozen before he will let for consumption down here.—Puck.

Fly Flyaway Fly Flyaway

Will efficiently keep Flies and Mosquitoes from horses and cattle. Cleanses and easily applied.

\$1.00 per gallon in 5 gal. lots, or \$1.25 per single gallon.

Fly Flyaway Fly Flyaway

Ask your stockkeeper for it or write Sales Manager.

Carbon Oil Works, Limited,

WINNIPEG, CANADA.

Manufacturers of "CARBON BRAND" Oil Specialties.

Keep Fit

Your brain, muscles and nerves depend upon good physical condition. Secure it by using

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold Everywhere. In Boxes 25 cents.

Eddy's Toilet Tissues

Other Make on the Market.

Made in Every Known Form and Variety.

And Every Sheet Guaranteed Chemically Pure.

Always Everywhere in Canada Ask For EDDY'S MATCHES

offer you more of

Better Toilet Tissue for the Same

Money than any

Money. Money. \$50,000

TO LOAN on Improved Farm
Lands at a Low Rate of
Interest.

The expenses are the Lowest
and no commission is charged.

Business strictly confidential.

INSURANCE
A SPECIALTY.

TOWNSITE PROPERTY FOR
SALE.

— SEE —

MacCrimmon & Co

The Hay and Grain Men.

Crossfield.

WHEN YOU BUY LIFE
INSURANCE There are two
things to consider.

First, the Company,
A Clean Record and Absolute
Security is offered by the
LONDON LIFE

Second, the
Policy Contract
Investigation will prove our
Reserve Dividend Policies are
unequalled

London
Life

POLICIES

"GOOD AS GOLD."

W. S. SAUNDERS
District Superintendent, Calgary

H. J. JOBSON,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER for ALBERTA

Any orders may be left with N. L. McNeill, of Airdrie. All orders promptly attended to. Also

IMPROVED AND UNIMPROVED
FARM LANDS FOR SALE.

STRAYED from Crossfield on Friday
July 9th, one white pony, branded A
on left shoulder. Had halter and rope
on when it left my place. \$5.00 reward
will be paid for its return to
C. A. BOLTON,
Crossfield.

OATS FOR SALE

1000 bushel of Good Oats for sale.
A. C. Saunders,
10 1/2 St. 12 miles East of Crossfield

IMPOUNDED—One bay pony stallion,
branded C on left jaw; on S. W. qr.
sec. 18, tp. 29, r. 25, West of the 4th
mer.
A. W. Wheeler.



At the Head

The man at the head of affairs
whether at home or in business, is
the one whose attention you wish
to attract.

Our paper goes into the best class
of homes and is read by the head of
the family. The accounts for the
results obtained by the use of
Candid West Ads.

Remember 1000 to 100000

The Chronicle.

Published at Crossfield, Alta

Editor—J. Mewhort.

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1909

Local and General.

Have you subscribed yet?

Agricultural Show—October 13th.

A boarding house has been started
at Irricana.

For Government Half Insurance
see Geo. W. Boyce.

For Government Half Insurance
see Hultgen & Davis.

A man hauling lumber to Irricana
got his leg broken this week.

Mrs. Hasdley and children
arrived back in town on Friday.

H. H. Fisher has taken up the
McCormack Agency at Irricana.

200 bushels hard wheat and oats
for sale. R. L. Boyle, Crossfield.

The Crown Lumber Co. has men
engaged hauling lumber from Crossfield
to Aene.

W. G. Hunt, of Trochu Valley,
has gone into the contracting business
in Irricana.

D. Sterling, late of the Albion
Stores, Carstairs, is building a
livery barn at Aene.

E. Morrow was a visitor to Calgary
last week and was registered
at the Grand Union Hotel.

Three elevators ready for fall
business and still there more to
follow. You can see Crossfield
grow these days.

Thomas Gill, son, late of Calgary
and Langdon has accepted the
appointment as manager of the
Crown Lumber Co.'s yard at Aene.

C. W. Moore, the solicitor, has
gone away for several weeks on
holidays and will not be in Crossfield
again until the latter part of
August.

Miss Emma Jones, of the Indian
Department, has been visiting at
Meadowbrook, the ranch of Mr. and
Mrs. J. A. MacDougall, for a couple
of weeks.

Arrangements for the Calgary
Horticultural exhibition, to be held
on Aug. 11-12, are being rushed,
and the prospects for a splendid
showing are bright.

P. C. Cowling has already put in
130 acres of fall wheat from which
he expects to reap a bumper crop
next year. Mr. Cowling believes in
taking time by the forelock.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Milton and
children, of Seattle, Washington,
arrived in Crossfield on Friday last
on a visit to J. A. MacDougall.
They will spend the summer here.

The First Annual Caledonian
Games, under the auspices of the
Caledonian Society of Edmonton
will be held on August 23rd at Ed-
monton. Special railway rates have
been arranged for.

F. C. Mock, of Mock & Wylie,
Calgary, city agents for the Manu-
facturers Life Insurance Co., paid a
business visit to Crossfield on Friday
and was the guest of his sister Mrs.
(Rev.) W. A. Smith at the parsonage.

We omitted to mention last
week a number from this district
took in the excursion to the Experi-
mental Farm at Lacombe and spent
a very profitable day. Interesting
addresses were delivered by the
Deputy Minister of Agriculture and
others.

A. V. McLean, of Irricana, had
a serious misfortune the other day.
It appears that this gentleman had
started a private zoo in his room
and he had succeeded in acquiring
five ducks and a gopher toward his
collection. The latter animal being
in its savage state and untamed,
took the first opportunity to devour
what ever came in its way and ate
four holes in two pairs of pants.
Mr. McLean at once decided to dis-
pose with its services and he will
only go in for tame animals in
future.

RECEPTION IN CROSSFIELD.

A reception for Rev. W. A. Smith and his family was given at the Oldfolks' Hall on Friday evening the 23rd. It was gotten up nicely by a few of the ladies who provided refreshments of ice cream and cake for the occasion. The hall was well filled, but more would have been there if it had been more widely known. Mr. R. Colling was elected chairman and T. D. Thomas was called on to make a short address of welcome to Mr. and Mrs. Smith and family followed by Mr. Taylor, of the Presbyterian Church and a response by Mr. Smith. A song by a quartette consisting of A. R. Thomas, Louis Bliss, Miss D. Bliss and Miss Louise Colling, Mrs. Smith playing the accompaniment. This was followed by a recitation by Gladys Bliss, "Trying to find the North Pole" which brought down the house as Gladys always does.

That ended the programme and the rest of the evening was spent in eating ice cream and various games. Everybody enjoyed themselves.

BASEBALL.

A return match between Airdrie and Crossfield baseball came took place in Airdrie on Wednesday night. The night was fine and there was a good turn-out of spectators. Unfortunately it was not possible to get out to play till late and only five innings could be played on account of darkness coming on. The teams were the same as played in Crossfield last week, except that J. Mair took the place of J. McLaughlin in the Crossfield team and R. L. Boyle took the place of Clark on the Airdrie side. The game was well contested and was a good clean one all through and resulted in Crossfield evening up the defeat of the previous week by winning by a score of 14 to 13. G. Draper was umpire and appeared to give good satisfaction to both sides.

The following are the names of the players—

Airdrie	Crossfield
MacCormack	Warren
Olsen	E. Brown
L. Farr	E. Warren
Hobbs	Mair
Glover	Studer
McNeil	Thomas
McBain	Triphart
Fisher	C. Brown
Windhor	Marston

Watch Crossfield Grow.

Good Seed Oats for Sale.—R. L. Boyle,
South African Script for sale. M. L. Boyle, Crossfield.

J. McCool held two successful auction sales this week.

If you want to sell your farm for cash, see Hultgen & Davis.

Methodist Church service is held every Sunday afternoon at 3.30 p.m.

There will be a Bible School in the Methodist Church at 2.30 p. m. All are invited.

Presbyterian Church service held in Methodist Church every Sunday evening at 7.30 p. m.

When you want a loan on your farm see Hultgen & Davis. They place it in the best companies, quickest return, and only 7 and 8 per cent interest.

The girl's bracelet advertised as found last week was claimed within half-an-hour. The rightful owner got it. Another bracelet is missing. Please leave at this office.

Write or call on Hultgen & Davis the Land Men of Crossfield, for bargains in Land from \$6.50 per acre and up. We have listed in our office all the best bargains of raw and improved land in the Crossfield, Carstairs and Airdrie districts.

AIRDRIE.

Presbyterian services at 3.30 p. m.

See Glover & MacCormack for new goods.

Methodist Sunday services at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.

Prayer meeting will be held on Thursday evening.

If you want a good fire insurance policy apply to H. T. Glover.

A SUNDAY STROLL.

This "Recreation Was at One Time Unheard of in Maine.

Something of the exact behavior demanded from young people by those in authority in the early days of the nineteenth century is brought to notice in the biography of Peter Edes, a pioneer printer in Maine. Mr. Edes had an apprentice, James Orook, who enjoyed a walk on Sunday after a week of indoor employment.

Mr. Edes soon found out that this was not permitted at Bangor and wrote to a friend of the trouble caused him by his apprentice's apparently innocent amusement.

"You must know," he writes, "that the people are very strict on this day and will not let men walk out, much less boys. James was strolling about and was ordered home by the tything men, but he would not obey them. A complaint was lodged against me on the next day, and I should have been obliged to pay a fine had not Judge Dutton pleaded in my behalf that I did not approve of such conduct and so got clear."

Another interesting incident in connection with life in Bangor at this time is an advertisement which appeared in Mr. Edes' paper, the Bangor Weekly Register, stating that "R. & M. R. Edes have opened a school in the room over the Register office for the instruction of young men and small children in the useful and ornamental branches of education."

The terms were: "Orthography and plain work, 17 cents per week; writing, English grammar, geography with the use of maps, composition, ornamental needlework, 25 cents per week." This was probably one of the first schools in Maine for teaching young ladies exclusively in the branches of education and also including plain work and fancy needlework.

CAN YOU SPELL?

Test Your Ability by Writing This Jumble From Dictation.

It is some time ago since spelling bees were popular forms of entertainment, but still one can occasionally come across the very superior person who tells you he can easily spell any word ever printed in a dictionary. If ever you meet this type of man, just ask somebody to dictate the following jumble to him and see how many words he will make:

"Antinosa, a disappointed, desolate, peevish, was peeling potatoes in an embarrassing and harassing way. He was peeling and peeling, and was to eat some potatoes, and was staring at the Peleades and setting people's tricycles and velocipedes. He was an strutting testator and had been on a picaresque jaunt. He rode a palfrey stallion and carried a salable paper music-bonnet of asters, phlox, mullin, chrysanthemums, rhododendrons, fuchsias and nasturtiums.

"He wore a sibyl's resplendent turquoise paraphernalia, an ornate yak and astrakhan chaparejo. He drank crystallizable and disagreeable cranaco juleps through a sieve. He stole some money and hid them on a peddler's mahogany bedstead and mattress.

"Like a fend in an ecstasy of glee I rushed after him into the maelstrom, or melee, and held him as in a vise. I could not feast him, however, and he addressed me, with autonomy, in the following imbecile words, which sounded like a soliloquy or a superseded paean on an oboe: 'You are a ratable manumoth, a salivating visitor, an equinoctial corpse and an incoercible daguerreotype.'"

A Curious Story.

The queen of Hanover, wife of King Ernest Augustus of Hanover (better known as the Duke of Cumberland, son of George III.), died at Hanover about 1842 of an illness which baffled the skill of her doctors as to its real cause. During her illness a clairvoyant was consulted, who wrote certain curious signs and words on the door of her bedroom; but, although these mystic words were repeated over and over again, the queen died. The king of Hanover after his wife's death gave orders that her bedroom should always be kept as though the queen would sleep there at night. The bed was turned down, the pillows rearranged, and the room brought and the faintest slippers laid in readiness for her.—Hume Notes.

Yet They Needed Exercise.

Two men whose offices were on the second floor were on the first floor waiting for an elevator. Long and impatiently they waited.

"You're not looking extra well, London," remarked the lawyer.

"No, Haigle," replied the real estate man. "Think I've lost an athletic club. I need the exercise."

"Me too,"

Still they waited for the elevator.

He Meant Dollars.

"Old Cuck," landed in the country in his bare feet ten years ago. Now he's got millions.

"You don't say? Why, he's got a centipede sized to death, hasn't he?"

CHAS. DICKENS
(From Edinburgh)
WATCHMAKER
331
8th Ave. East,
Calgary.
"Just below The
Queens".
Watches etc., received in Crossfield, by
E. J. Benton, Barber.

KING & BEVAN,
Auctioneers,
Cochrane, Alta.

Country Sales a Specialty. Distance
No Object.

Do You Collect?

POST CARDS.
12 High Class Cards, Alberta or
B. C. Views.....25c
8 Good Western View Cards.....15c
4 Assorted Cards.....10c

STAMPS.
25 diff. Good Foreign Stamps.....3c
50 diff. Foreign.....10c
100 diff. Stamps.....25c
30 diff. U. S.....15c
50 diff. U. S.....10c
100 diff. U. S.....15c
150 diff. U. S.....75c
25 British Colonial.....10c
50 diff. British Colonial.....10c
100 diff. British Col.....20c
25 diff. Argentine.....25c
50 diff. Bosnia.....15c

COINS.
10 diff. foreign coins.....15c
20 diff. foreign coins.....25c
Abyssinia coins.....25c
Egypt 1/2 millime.....10c
Egypt 1/4 millime.....5c
Persian copper.....5c
Japan paper money.....5c
Cuban bank notes, each.....5c
U. S. half cents, each.....20c

MISCELLANEOUS.
Imperial Albums, illus.....35c
Collectors' Album.....15c
Collectors' Catalog, 1909 Ed.....12c
12 French Revenue Catalog.....1.00
Hub Coin Book.....25c
1000 hinges, sc; 10,000.....40c
Stamp books.....12c
1000 imported hinges.....12c
Philatelic maps.....35c

If you have
any good U. S. or British Colonials to
dispose of, or any dealers surplus, please
submit them with lowest cash
price.

MAIL ORDER AGENCY,

P. O. Box 101,
AIRDRIE, ALBERTA.

Job Printing

Whatever you want in

the Printing Line can be

furnished by Us.

FOR SALE.

Four Pure Bred Horned Bulls, two

being yearlings, one three years old and

another seven years old. Can be in-
spected and price obtained on application
to W. Hutchinson, Big Hill Creek,
Cochrane.

At Once

A Reliable Local Agent

Wanted

TO REPRESENT

Canada's Oldest and Greatest

Nurseries

In Crossfield and adjoining country

Our Western trade is increasing yearly

because we are growing hardy varieties

that have been recommended by the

Experimental Stations at Indian Head

and Brandon.

Send for our Western circular with

Testimonials from parties who are fruit-
ing our stock.

The right man obtains a permanent

situation, pay weekly, reserved territory.

Free, specially designed outfit for

Western agents. Write now for

particulars.

STONE & WELLINGTON,

FONTHILL NURSERIES

850 Acres

Toronto - Ontario.

LOST.

Strayed from P. Brockshaw's place

Dark grey mare, branded J on right

shoulder and 50 on left shoulder, weight

about 1000 lbs. Should have foal at foot

\$5 reward on return to J. W. Whitfield,
Cochrane.

YANKEE VALLEY.

Yankee Valley is broadening in many respects. This spring has witnessed the influx of several acre fortune seekers from the "Great Nation in the South," as the yankees delightfully and contemptuously termed. But most of us are now full fledged Canadians, at least in the sense that we are here to stay. Yes, and root and hard for success.

The newcomers to our valley are very aggressive, put up good houses, barns, etc., then they flay off the sod of hundreds of acres of virgin prairie, some by horsepower, others by steam or gasoline—any way to conquer the wild mother earth quickly and effectively, and bring from her golden treasures, which in turn will enable us to lead comfortable lives in our adopted country. This great transformation of time is most interesting, albeit the struggle at times may seem hardish.

Of course we expect to harvest a bumper crop this year, at any rate we wear our best and most hopeful smiles as we gaze over our ripening fields.

For the benefit of our new farmers, let me say that Alberta has two very excellent experimental farms, one at Lethbridge and the other at Lacombe. These are very important institutions in our agricultural development, and every farmer in the province ought to avail himself of the valuable work these scientific and up-to-date farmers are doing for us. Although young, these institutions are well equipped, and it will pay well to get all the information possible from them. If you want to do first-class farming, don't think you know it all, because you don't, neither does your neighbor. The better plan is to ask the Superintendent of one of the Experimental Farms a few hundred questions as to how best to do this or that, the more questions you ask and the clearer your vision, or visit his farm, the better prepared, the more he will think of you and take an interest in your problems and help make your efforts successful. Remember, he and his skilled associates are thinking, experimenting and experimenting in order that we may be spared years of costly blundering. It will pay well to get acquainted with our experimental farms. "Do it now!"

Captain John fell ill last Saturday and Sunday. Saturday's shower was accompanied with considerable electricity. One bolt killed two fine horses for Mr. R. C. Hamm, a loss that is felt the more keenly because Mr. Hamm sustained the loss of a third horse a few months ago.

Miss Nola Ekstrom, Grandin Ekstrom and Bernard, have spent several weeks visiting the valley, principally the pleasant home of "Chub" Ekstrom. On their return to Reynolds, Illinois, they plan to go via Seattle for a week's sojourn at the Exposition. Miss Nola spent a few days visiting friends in Calgary and Strathmore last week.

A very successful ice cream social was held at Columbia School last Wednesday evening. An enjoyable program was carried out, and all say the Misses Jones and the other good ladies of the valley are making Columbia School quite an educational and social centre.

We are delighted to know that one, and possibly two, elevators will be built in Aldrie very, very soon, also the village contemplates other improvements and improvements, such as a good sidewalk to the depot, etc.

While these improvements are going on would it not be well to say a thing or two about our telephone lines, which seem as dead as a door nail, at least so far as communication with the village is concerned. Let's fix it and quit "cussing."

WILLIE PEAGREEN.

CROSSFIELD

Sunny Alberta!

C. A. S. S. What is it?

Remember October 13th.

Have you subscribed yet?

For Government Hail Insurance see Hultgren & Davis.

For Government Hail Insurance see Geo. W. Boyce.

Miss Olive McGill, of Canmore, who has been visiting at J. S. Martin's ranch for a few days, left for Calgary on Tuesday.

E. Hazel, who was connected with the Alberta Hotel of this town, has accepted a position from Geo. Stratton, late of Olds, who is now proprietor of the Alberta Hotel, Crossfield.—The Olds Gazette.

ESSAY ON EDITORS.

A little boy in town was given the stink by his father to write an essay on editors, and here is the result:

"I don't know how newspapers came to be in the world. I don't think God does for he hasn't got nothing to say about them or editors in the Bible. I think the editor is one of the missing links you read of and stayed in the bushes until after the flood and then came and wrote the thing up, and has been here ever since. I don't think he ever dies. I never saw a dead one and never heard of one getting licked. Our paper is a mighty good one; but the editor goes without underclothes all winter and don't wear any socks and paw ain't paid his subscription since the paper started."

I just saw that that was why the editor had such the juice out of snowballs in the winter and go for bed when he had his shirt waist in the summer. And then paw took me out in the woodshed and licked me awfully hard. If the editor makes a mistake people say he ought to be hung, but if the doctor makes any mistakes he buries them and the people disown say nothing because doctors can read and write Latin. When the editor makes a mistake there is lawsuits, and swearing and a big fuss; but if the doctor makes one there is a funeral, out flowers and perfect silence. A doctor can use a word a yard long without him or anybody knowing what it means; but if the editor uses one he has to spell it. If the doctor goes to see another man's wife he charges for the visit; but if the editor goes he gets a charge of lynch. When the doctor gets drunk it's a case of overcome by the heat, and if he dies from that trouble, when an editor gets drunk it's a case of too much booze and if he dies it's the Jim-Jams. Any old collage can make a doctor; a editor has to be born.—Ex.

Glenbow News.

Once more we have had heavy rain after some extremely hot weather. Haying is general and a heavy crop expected.

We are all sorry to hear Dan MacDonald is not so well again. The patient seems to be suffering from a complication of ailments but we are hoping for the best and trust Dan will soon be fully recovered and amongst one more. He is now in the Holy Cross Hospital in Calgary under Drs. Aull and Mayhew's care.

De la Vierge's house is about finished. It is a masterpiece of design and structure. It does great credit to the contractors.

Contractor Bradley is finishing up the road between Glenbow post office and Waverly Road and has made a vast improvement. There are many more contracts for him as soon as he is ready for them. Glenbow is very busy this summer.

The Quarry Co. have got their works in a first class shape, and it is a wonder to find to see the cranes, running over head on heavy walls of timbers, lifting up easily and simply a stone weighing over 20 tons in the same way as a man would pick up a pebble. The works all classes are complete and are strictly first class in every shape and form, and are a credit not only to the ingenious heads of the firm but to Glenbow too. Over 100 men are working now in the quarry and Mr. Quinlan, told your correspondent that he intended to steadily increase the number of men right along and that no one who can handle stone would be turned away if he wanted a job. The resident further stated that he and the C. P. R. company were jointly making out a design and plan for extending the C. P. R. branch to the first landing in the quarry works and that this movement was absolutely necessary as the vast amount of stone which would be turned out in the future could not be handled without the cars being brought up alongside the works. The very fact that the C. P. R. company entertain such an extensive and extensive scheme shows plainly the confidence they have in the future of Glenbow.

Changing The Day

By Raymond Campbell

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Alphonse set the coffee pot close to Sheldon's hand and retired to the bar, there to indulge in a glass of beer. The dinner rush was over, and he was certain that no one would come now until after the theatre let out.

Meanwhile the two young people at the table would surely chat for half an hour or so, when time Alphonse might spend with profit in discussing with the fat bartender certain nice points in the mixing of cocktails.

Meanwhile his two pals slipped their coffee, and Sheldon lit the cigar that Alphonse had brought. When he dined alone the cigar came from the corner of his mouth, and he was sure that when the young lady came Alphonse always brought a perfect from the box in the ice chest with an elaborate flourish.

"The usual monster."

This was intended to impress the guest with the belief that Sheldon had



"DEAR BOY, I AM SO GLAD," SHE SAID

bitingly smoked fat perfects with cold and garlic. Tonight Alphonse's elaborate politeness was ignored by the usually genial Sheldon.

"Now for the news," he began as the waiter headed for the bar. "I couldn't wait for Saturday to tell you, though it is only two days."

"Isn't it funny that we always fall back on Saturday night?" commented Bess.

"I don't know when we have been out to dinner in the middle of the week."

"Never, I guess," agreed Sheldon. "You see, Saturday is sort of a holiday. I get my salary, and you get your check from the publishers, and we're both happy and content, even if not in agreement."

"We would be in agreement if you would only stop considering a proposal as essential for the sake of the Saturday celebration," reminded Bess, with a show of severity. "You must go and spend it all by proposing, Fred, when I've told you long ago that to marry would spoil my career. I am making a little name for myself in the art world, and I can't keep house and paint too."

"And I've told you," retorted Fred, "that I would not stop asking you to marry me until you said 'Yes.' I guess I've proposed to you sixty times in the last sixty weeks. Bess, and I'm good for sixty times sixty if I have to hold out that long."

"Did you ask me out to dinner to propose to me?" demanded Bess.

"Not primarily," he admitted. "What I wanted to tell you was that my big chance has come at last. Benny Groll has made a good contract, and he needs a man to put a little money and a lot of time into the business. I have more experience than money, but Benny wants me, and he'll give me a half interest if I'll come in. It's what I've been working and waiting for ever since I came to town. Bess, and this is to celebrate my good luck."

A slender hand was stretched across the table and grasped his own.

"Dear boy, I am so glad," she said sincerely. "You have worked hard, and you are entitled to your reward."

"Which is why I am going to ask for it," retorted Sheldon. "I am going to break my usual custom and propose on Thursday instead of Saturday. Bess, I want you to work for me. It will be pretty hard camping out with the construction gang and working on the job with the field corps. I want to come back to camp every night and feel that I have done another good day's work for you."

"Work, like virtue, should be its own reward," paraphrased Bess. Sheldon shook his head impatiently.

"I know all that," he said, "but that sounds better than it works out. I

want to feel that when the job is done and Groll & Sheldon become a firm of importance Mrs. Sheldon is proud of what her husband has done."

"I shall always be proud of what you do, Fred," reminded Bess. "We two are the only ones from the old town in all this big city. We have always been chums, and of course I shall be proud of your great achievement."

"That's not what I want," said Fred impatiently. "Of course I am going after this chance, no matter what, and I'll work as hard without your promise as with it, but it will lend sweetness to the labor, Bess, if you tell me that I may work for you."

"Won't you take a career by proxy, dear? Do you want to work to the end of your days and live the loveless life? Aren't there times when you want to give it all up and just stop worrying about checks that the publishers do not send, and the money that don't add, though you know that they are as good as some that bring big money? Don't you tire of your career sometimes, and don't you feel as though it would be nice to let some one else do the worrying?"

"And if I do?" she asked, with an old little note in her voice.

"Then let me carry the burden," he pleaded. "Let me do the planning for you for six months from now I shall be at the top of the heap and making money, but you can make those six months of total pleasant, dear, if you will only listen to your heart—and me."

"I have listened to you," she reminded, with a light laugh. "Why, Freddy, there has not been a Saturday night in more than a year that you have not urged me to marry you. I'd like to, dear, but there is one thing I shall be at the top of the heap and making money, but you can make those six months of total pleasant, dear, if you will only listen to your heart—and me."

"Perhaps," she said uncertainly, and Sheldon pressed the advantage.

"Wouldn't it be nice if you didn't have to scribble and scrape and plan the spending of every penny?" he demanded. "Wouldn't it be nice to have a real home instead of a three room flat, to eat regular meals instead of chafing dish messes, and to—well, to have me across the table every night instead of just Saturdays? It would be our own table, Bess," he reminded, "and not a table of fate."

"Perhaps,"

"I spoke so few that Sheldon had to lean across the table to catch the whispered word. But he did catch it, and his face beamed satisfaction.

"And you will marry me?" he cried delightedly.

This time he did not hear, but he knew that the word had never been spoken, and he caught the hand that toyed nervously with the cup.

He spoke no word, for none was needed. Their eyes told each other messages that never have been put into words, spoke a language that only lovers know—and Sheldon was content.

It was Alphonse whose discreet but suggestive cough from the doorway leading to the main room recalled them to more earthly matters and an unpaid check. Sheldon drew a bill from his pocket and laid it upon the tray.

"Keep the change," he said, "and drink to our good fortune." Then Alphonse turned into his overcoat, assured his radiant customer in French and English that it should be done.

In Sandra's customers tipped half a dollar only when the worse for wine. Here was a man, to all appearances sober, who tipped 60 cents. Alphonse's thanks followed them even out upon the street, where Sheldon tucked Bess' arm into his own with a new air of proprietorship that the girl found very comforting.

"Fred," she whispered, "did you know that I was tired and depressed today?"

"I was only taking chances," he explained, with a happy laugh. "I thought it out last night when I was almost certain that Benny would put the deal through. I figured that you always felt as I did when you had money in your pocketbook on Saturdays, and that that you'd feel as I do now taking a chance by changing the day."

Bess patted his arm affectionately. "I wish you had found that out before," she whispered. "It is only from Saturday to Tuesday that I cared about a career."

Not Sure of It.

She—They say that there is a fool in every family. Do you believe that? He—Er—well, I hardly like to say, I'm the only member of my family.

Lowered.

Maud—Belle doesn't hear French heels any more. Her husband won't let her. Ethel—I said she would lower herself by marrying—Boston Transcript.

Conscienceless of ignorance is no small part of knowledge.—Jerome.

Ungratefulness is the very poison of manhood.—Sidney.

CROSSFIELD LODGE F. O. O. F.

No. 42

Meets Every Wednesday Night in the Oddfellows Hall at 8 p.m.

Visiting Brethren Welcome.

James Dryburgh, Rec. Sec.

James Dryburgh, Rec. Sec.

James Dryburgh, Rec. Sec.

James Dryburgh, Rec. Sec.

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The Matchmaking of Bobby.

By LULU JOHNSON.

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With a smile of glorious anticipation Bobby trotted up the street as fast as a pair of very fat and very little legs would carry him. He was going to see Dick Brant. Next to visiting Alice Mayling this was his greatest treat.

Richard Brant could not make amazing cookies and preserves like Miss Mayling, but he could tell stories of Indians and grizzlies and other creatures dear to the small boy's heart. Miss Mayling's stories carried more and more about little Bobby, and were so very good that Bobby found them extraordinarily uninteresting. Had it not been that the Mayling cakes were as good as her young heroes Bobby would not have been a frequent caller on Alice Mayling.

This afternoon he was wearing his dimpled hands before the open fire he regarded with secret awe the deft flash in which Brant rolled himself a cigar and talked real Indian tales. Brant had been a plainsman until he had run across a mine while he was looking for stray cattle, and he could throw a knife and talk real Indian tales.

"I looked for you yesterday," said Dick Brant gravely as he sank into a chair on the opposite side of the fireplace.

"I was seeing Miss Mayling," explained Bobby. "She makes cake on Tuesdays."

"And you deserted me because Miss Mayling was making cake?" cried Dick solemnly. In reality, though he used comic pathos, he was a little jealous of Miss Mayling's popularity with the little chum. Somehow Bobby seemed to Brant the most sincere friend he had in the big square house.

"Cake is nice just out of the oven," explained Bobby. "She always takes a little cake for me, and of course I have to go and eat it."

"I suppose so," asserted Dick, "but I was very homesick yesterday."

"I'm sorry," said Bobby, with prompt penitence and a troubled face. "Wouldn't it be nice," he added, "if I could go to see you and Miss Mayling at the same time?"

He stared into the fire, lost in rapture at the thought of this most valuable combination. Dick looked across and blushed. He was little used to feminine society, and a suggestion like that, even from Bobby, startled him.

Besides, he had been secretly studying Miss Mayling from afar.

"Then you wouldn't be homesick any more," resumed Bobby, the vast attractions of his good idea growing on him. "Not even if I didn't come and see you, 'cause I'd see you and she would have each other. But of course I would come to see you," he added quickly. "I would be a awful nice."

"I guess it would," asserted Dick a little absently.

"Then why don't you?" demanded Bobby, with eagerness. "I'll be sure to begin with, I don't know her," explained Dick. "You see, a man has to know a lady before he can call on her, and I've never met Miss Mayling."

When Bobby finally trotted away he was thinking deeply. He knew that his best man should not know that Miss Mayling.

At the next baking day at Miss Mayling's the thought was revived, and with a denial that meant immense determination to him he obtained permission to take his small spice cake home. As soon as he was out of her sight he carried it to Brant, his fat legs speeding wonderfully.

"Ain't it fine?" he demanded eagerly when he had watched Brant devour the last spicy morsel, not without envy that almost assumed a poignant degree.

"Simply great," admitted Brant, with unfeigned enthusiasm. "I tell you, Bobby, the woman who made that cake is a wonder of a cook."

Bobby beamed his professional satisfaction. "I thought you'd like it," he said, confidently. "Miss Mayling makes cakes that sometimes I'll bring you another when she makes fruit cake."

"Don't do it," advised Brant smilingly. "If the fruit cake is as good as this I'll be able to stand her and force her to bake cake for me for the rest of her life."

"What's about?" demanded Bobby. "The word had been explained to him he wrinkled his pudgy brow. But if another deep idea had come to him, as that caution would seem to do, he remained a secret in his fat breast. "Give us an Indian story," he demanded.

"All right, now," said Dick as he stretched himself out in his easy chair and prepared to entertain his small guest with the story of how Chief Painted had drifted off the Indian bride from the camp of a hostile tribe. He was unusually graphic in his

story telling, for as he went on he began to imagine that he was Spotted Panther and Miss Mayling was the Indian maid. Thus sadly had the unprincipled suggestions of the scheming child contaminated Dick Brant's good manners. But it must be admitted to his favor that it was not the cake, but the memory of her womanly sweetness, that fired his thoughts and lent eloquence to his tongue.

It was a deeply impressed small boy who climbed down off the chair arm when the tale was done and regretfully announced that he would have to be going home. The very next day he went to visit Miss Mayling with the more or less peremptory request that she bake him a fruit cake.

"Going to have a tea party, Bobby?" he asked gaily. But Bobby shook his head solemnly and declined to be drawn into trivial conversation.

"I want it for some one—some one who doesn't get nice cakes," he declared at last, examining Miss Mayling shrewdly as he spoke.

"If you don't tell me who it is I won't bake it for you," she teased, anticipating the revelation of some new love affair. Bobby was as popular as he was likable, and his young hero, lured by experience with the young man, supposed that only the power of love could have induced him to forego the eating of her cake the day before.

"Have I got to?" he asked anxiously, fearful that a premature explanation would lead to the destruction of the success of the abduction.

"Certainly," insisted Miss Mayling. Bobby was dismayed. But the cake was secured at all hazards.

"It's for Mr. Brant," he explained. "He said if you baked him a fruit cake he'd come with his pony and he'd take the cake to the house."

"He said if you baked him a fruit cake he'd come with his pony and he'd take the cake to the house," she repeated, and with a comical carry over and make you bake cake for him all the rest of your life."

"You'll have to live with me and cook with hot stoves instead of a gas range, and and—anyhow, he says he'll do it if you tempt him with fruit cake," she declared.

Miss Mayling leaned over and kissed the earnest little face.

"I think," she said softly, "that I'll bake a little nice cake next week, Bobby, so that you and your friend shall have one."

Bobby looked into the secret face, into which there had crept something he had never seen there before—a tender curve to the even lips, a new light in the brown eyes that made them glow and sparkle and shone with tears by turns.

He had always thought Miss Mayling was as pretty as his mother, but now he was dreading for a moment and thought she was more beautiful than his mother and more beautiful than his mother and more beautiful than his mother.

His moist little fingers clasped her slim, cool hand, and he looked up into her sunny eyes.

"I wish I was big enough to 'duct you," he said eagerly. "I bet Mr. Brant wouldn't get that cake."

Miss Mayling bent over and pinched his cheek. "You're a chubby little fellow," she said.

"Bobby, my dear, you remind me of a certain little dog without whose aid I could not live," she said.

And she looked up suddenly to see passing her window a tall, straight figure, with his glance firmly fixed upon her.

"Of course he wouldn't be so ordinary as to stare in here," she said softly. "But he's the sort who'll find out what I don't tell him. I'll make it very hard for him."

Bobby cuddled closer to her soft, alien form.

"What makes grownups say things that don't tell anything?" he demanded. But she did not answer.

Intoxicating Drinks.
"We have 4,000 intoxicating drinks in America," said a temperance lecturer. "That, I believe, is the record."

"Expert as our metropolitan bartenders are, they have none of them mastered the entire American drink question, and they would throw up their wet hands if a man asked for a bak-no-ma-shah, a kasha, a sam, a lagoo or even a mesal."

"You see, all the races of the Americas introduce here the drinks of their old homes. Bak-no-ma-shah and sam are oriental cereals, sweet and perfumed and nasty, that our soldiers and sailors learned to like in the Philippines."

"A lagoo is a slightly acid drink from South America. It is a mixture of the leaves, flowers and fruit of tropical plants—orange, banana, lime, pineapple, lemon, chocolate, mango, guava, tamarind and I don't know what."

"Mesal is a Mexican abomination made of the cactus. It goes down like a bunch of cactus thorns."

"A kasha is a powerful sugar cane rum that the Jamaicans distill illicitly. For a cent you can buy a pint, though half a pint is quite sufficient."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Don't Harmonize.
"It must increase your expenses quite a little to have your dog run far away from your downtown office?"

"Yes, it does. But then it's much better to keep 'em apart as long as our factory doesn't harmonize in appearance with the picture on our letter heads."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SUMMER COMPLAINTS DEADLY TO LITTLE ONES

At the first sign of illness during the hot weather months give the little ones Baby's Own Tablets, or in a few hours the child may be in good case. These Tablets will prevent summer complaints if given occasionally to the well child, and will promptly cure these troubles if they come unexpectedly.

For this reason Baby's Own Tablets should always be kept in every home where there are young children. Mrs. P. Laroche, Les Fonds, Quebec, a summer nursing matron, suffered severely from stomach and bowel troubles, but the prompt administration of Baby's Own Tablets brought him through splendidly.

Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Femininity

Grace—Who is that man they're all quarrelling with?
Jack—Why, he's keeping the score.
Grace—Oh, and won't he give it up?

Red, Weak, Watery Eyes. Relieved by Marine Eye Remedy. Compounded by Experienced Physicians. Murine Doesn't Smart; Soothes Eye Pain. Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for Illustrated Eye Book. At Druggists.

The first bicycle with pedals was made about 1840.

The English workman spends three-fifths of his wages for food.

He (his rejected) "I shall never marry now."
She—Foolish man! Why not?
He—If you won't have me, who will—Boston Transcript.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

The Poet—Poets are born, not made.
The Girl—I know. I wasn't blaming you.—Boston Transcript.

After making a most careful study of the little flies which annoy the scientists state definitely that the common house fly is the principal source of the summer troubles of diphtheria and smallpox.

Fly Pads kill the flies and the disease germs too. Only fly killer comes pure with Wilson's Fly Pads.

"Your tickets were complimentary, were they not?"
"Well," replied the man, "I saw a girl sitting at the same table as I, and I thought I'd see her."—Tit-Bits.

In the treatment of summer complaints, the most effective remedy that can be used is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cord.

It is a standard preparation, and many people employ it in preference to other preparations.

It is a highly concentrated medicine and its sedative and curative qualities are beyond question. It has been a popular medicine for many years and thousands can attest its superior qualities in overcoming dysentery and kindred complaints.

Dentist—Now, what can I do for you?
Patient (whose heart has failed her at the last moment)—Oh!—my teeth are perfectly all right, thanks.
Dr.—What I really came to was to ask if you would—er—care to play golf with me—some time this summer.—Punch.

Warts on the hands is a disfigurement that troubles many ladies. Holway's Corn Cure will remove the blemishes without pain.

A shoal of herrings is sometimes five or six miles long and two or three miles broad.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Bucolic Humor.
Honey—Hiram, to-morrow will be the 25th anniversary of our marriage. What do you say to killing 'the calf'?"
Hiram—I don't know, Hest. The poor calf ain't to blame.—Boston Transcript.

In the United States about 16 per cent of the divorces are granted after three or four years of married life.

The anti-cigarette league has 87,000 members.

Found Beast's Lair.

A wild animal hunt, a la Roosevelt, was participated in recently by a score of students from the University of Swagburn, Ont., who made a determined though unsuccessful attempt to slay a strange animal that has been making its home in a big swamp in the district for several weeks.

The farmers gathered in a body and descended upon the swamp armed with rifles and shot guns and accompanied by dogs. They divided into squads and thoroughly and systematically searched every foot of the swamp, but the animal was not located. They, however, found his lair, which was a hole carefully secluded under some thick bushes and large enough to contain comfortably several men, and was surrounded by the bones of smaller animals he had killed.

The swamp was found to be full of tracks made by the wandering visitor, which are described by members of the party as being about as large as a man's hand. The hunters were a little doubtful about going alone, not knowing the nature of the beast they might meet at any minute.

One of the farmers, however, describes it as being fully six feet in length and proportionately built. He believes it is either a lynx or a panther.

A Canadian Actress.

It was in a lochut in Canada that Miss Lena Ashwell, the London actress, cherished her first aspirations for the stage. Many years later she found herself in London, and tried to find a part.

For a whole year she tramped about from stage door to stage door before she succeeded in discovering a manager who was willing to give her a chance, and when at length she was performed at the Grand Theatre, Kingston, her role was that of a young servant, and she had precisely four words to say—namely, "Did you ring, sir?"

W. N. U., No. 762.

Wreckers in India.

Another attempt at train-wrecking on the Eastern Bengal State Railway is being investigated by the police.

One morning recently the pointman on duty at Singha Station, in attempting to set the points, discovered that a piece of rail had been inserted between the tongue and the main rails. Had an up train attempted to pass the points it would certainly have caused a disaster.

Several times lately the special police posted on the line, in consequences of the frequent bomb outrages have been pelted with stones from passing trains, one constable being badly injured. There appears to be small chance of the perpetrators being discovered.

A disquieting feature of the annual report on the administration of Bengal, just published, is the small number of detections, and the still smaller number of convictions, in comparison with the total of serious crimes committed. Both in the Calcutta and in Calcutta the efforts of the police continue to be attended with unsatisfactory results.

Of 36 cases of murder in the former only 108 were detected, and in only 43 per cent. of these were convictions secured.

During the twelve months discolours and riots increased, the incidence of crime in the last three years. In Calcutta, which for some time has been in a disturbed state, the number of thefts and burglaries continues to grow.

With a Paper Roof.

Churches are always one of the "sights" of a place, usually because of their beauty. But in our day, churches are sometimes well worth seeing for other reasons.

Thus in one of the gold districts of Demerara, British Guiana, there is little more than a thatched roof. The bells are merely two empty metal jars, which are struck with an iron rod. An empty barrel makes an effective pulpit, while the altar is constructed from a box covered with a white cloth.

The minister who officiates at this quaint place of worship also holds services at the village school, about three miles away, which is equally curious. It is really a dancing-hall. The pulpit is a table, and at other times a platform by the musicians, and the bell is a triangular piece of steel, struck with an old horseshoe.

When Kitchener Was Sirdar.
Lord Kitchener, when Sirdar, always careless of his little amenities, was once, when Sirdar of Egypt, dozing at his desk by way of afternoon relaxation in his garden at Cairo. He hated the conventional call.

A lady accompanied by a young daughter came to see him. The daughter, who was a very pretty girl, came to see him. The daughter, who was a very pretty girl, came to see him.

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SUNLIGHT SOAP



ALL OVER THE WORLD
Thousands of housewives use Sunlight Soap in preference to any other, because it cleanses the clothes more thoroughly, and at half the cost without injury to hands or fabric.

Not Ucted for His Mouth
Aunt Ann Arkwright, who building upon Uncle Joshua Arkwright, proudly showed him a silver implement which a friend had given her as a birthday present. It was shaped something like a spatula, but broad enough to serve as a handle. Uncle Joshua inspected it with some curiosity.

"What is it?" he asked.
"Haven't you any idea?" she said.
"No, not the least in the world."
"Well," said Aunt Ann, "It's a pie-kin."

Uncle Joshua picked it up, inspected it critically, and then said again:
"I haven't any use for it," he said, "because I'm not a pie-eater. It's too wide. I couldn't eat pie with it without cutting my mouth."

FRANK J. CHENEY makes calls that he is senior partner of the CHENEY & CO. drug business in the City of Toledo, Ontario and has been in the city for many years. He is a native of Canada and has been in the city for many years. He is a native of Canada and has been in the city for many years.

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BEISEKER GENERAL STORE

A Full Line of Farm Machinery and All Kinds of General
Merchandise Carried in Stock.

THOS. HAGEL,

BEISEKER,

ALBERTA

FOR SALE.

PURE BRED BELGIAN STALLIONS.

One 3 years old, light bay, weight about 1850 lbs.
One 4 " " bay, " " 1850 lbs.
One 5 " " bay, " " 2200 lbs.
One 5 " " chestnut, " " 1960 lbs.
Horses can be seen and terms obtained at H. & G. Nottet's Ranch,
Big Hill Creek, Cochrane, Alta.

Work Horses For Sale.

Twelve Heavy Colts, 3 years old, unbroken.
One Team General Purpose Horses, 4 years old, broken.

CHARLES PERRENOUD,
Cochrane.

ALBERTA HOTEL.

Good
Accommodation

REASONABLE RATES.

GEO. STRATTON, Prop.

LETHBRIDGE -COAL-

We have the exclusive agency
for Lethbridge Gault Coal.

You cannot buy this high
class coal from anyone else in
town.

Parker

The Livery Barn

Now

Is the time to bring in your
Plows & Wagons
To be fitted up before the
rush of spring work begins.

Walter Bradley

LOST.

Strayed from P. Brookshaw's place
Dark grey mare, branded J & C on right
shoulder and 50 on right shoulder weight
about 1000 lbs. Should have foal at foot.
\$5 reward on return to J. W. Whitefield,
Cochrane.

\$10 Reward.

Lost a dark bay mare, black points,
about 15.5 hands high branded C on left
hip; fore top cut off, about half grown
out again, 7 years old; supposed to have
foal at foot. \$10 reward will be paid for
information as to its whereabouts.
W. Brandon, Airdrie P. O.

Hogs Wanted.

You will do well to see D. K. Pike be-
fore you sell hogs to anyone else. Lives
sec. 4, tp. 29 N. 2 west of 54th or Crossfield,
P. O. 141449

SPARING HER NERVES.

A Careful, Considerate Visitor and
Her Timid Friend.

The mistakes which were plentifully
sprinkled along Mrs. Comer's career
were never regretted by any one more
than by Mrs. Comer herself. "I used
the very best judgment I had," she
said, referring to one unfortunate oc-
currence, "but, as usual, everything
went wrong."

"You see, I went to Greenville in the
morning with Mrs. Hobart, intending
to go on to Nashua, but I changed my
mind when the weather turned cool
and spent the day with Anna Woods,
going home at dusk. I'd forgotten my
little bag with my key in it, so I went
right over to Mrs. Hobart's."

"She'd gone down the road to Mrs.
Cole's, but I found her key behind the
left hand blind and went right in."

"The house was dark, but I said to
myself, 'I won't light a lamp for fear
of scaring her, a timid woman, living
all alone, as she does.' So I sat in the
dark till I heard her coming up the
walk."

"When she found the door was un-
locked she gave a kind of a gasp, so I
stepped forward and then, long as I
had a cold so my voice didn't sound
natural and I was afraid I would
scare her, she being so timid, I put
out my hand and laid it on her arm."

"And, if you'll believe me," finished
Mrs. Comer placidly, "she fell right
over in a faint and cut her forehead
on the edge of the rocking chair, and I
thought I'd never see her any more."

"There's no use trying to be careful
with a woman like her."

CIRCUS CHILDREN.

The Making of Acrobats Begins at an
Early Age.

It is nothing unusual for the larger
circuses to carry thirty and forty chil-
dren, ranging all the way from mere
babies to boys and girls of fifteen and
sixteen years of age. The majority
are traveling with their parents, both
the father and mother doing daily duty
in the ring and while often they are
trained to follow in the steps of their
elders they are seldom allowed to per-
form in public.

It is a common belief among circus
men that the performer whose training
is not started until after the age of six
will seldom make a distinctive record.
Following the afternoon show I often
saw groups of boys, some of whom
could not have been over four and five
years of age, practicing balancing sum-
mer, smoked and springs, while their
fathers, who were the families of the
circus, stood on with a gratified
expression, watching the children's
tricks, who treasure the
recollections of their ancestors with the
pride of a son in his father's sword and
who see no more inspiring calling for
their own children than that of the
great white canvas.

Not that their education is neglected
in other respects. Several of the fam-
ilies often hire an instructor—perhaps
one of the performers who has the
time and ability for such work—to
coach their children in the standard
studies. One circus has a traveling
school for the youngsters. If they are
to be acrobats, they are to be educated
acrobats.—Bohemian Magazine.

A Sponge That Works.

"Here is a clever notion—a fog belt,"
said an old New England fisherman.

On a bleak, gray afternoon they
stood at the seashore—the old man and
his city cousin from Boston. A great
bell hung from a scaffold, and under
a metal cover hung a great sponge.

"This here machinery is wound up
regular," the fisherman explained, "and
this here sponge is kept under cover so
as the rain can't get at it. In dry
weather, naturally, the sponge is dry
and light; in foggy, though, it gets
heavy with fog saturation, just
heavy enough for to press down the
lever that starts the machinery a-going.
Then, ding-dong, ding-dong, sounds the
bell in the fog, savin' many a fisher-
man from wreck on this rock bound
coast."—Exchange.

A Persistent Hen.

Ever heard about our little red hen?
Well, sir, she was on the set for
keeps. Couldn't keep her off. Old
doorknobs, soda bottles, lamp chim-
neys, match safes—everything was good
enough for her. Finally I put her on
three mud turtles, and I hope to die
if she didn't hatch out alligators—yes,
sir, three of 'em. One of 'em ate her
up, and when we opened him there
was the hen settin' on his back teeth,
and they'd swelled up so they choked
him to death.—Exchange.

Unreasonable.

"My husband is no very unreasonable
able."
"Most husbands are. What did yours
do?"

"He fixed a fishhook in one of his
pockets because he pretended to sup-
pose that I robbed him at night, and
then he blamed me because he forgot
it was there."

Coarsely Defined.

"What is the distinguishing quality
of the problem play?"

"It makes you think. The first half
keeps you wondering what the ques-
tion is, and the second half keeps you
guessing what's the answer."

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